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PROBABLY some of the Pittsburg councilmen are mad because it has come out that they got only \$50 for their votes.

SOME gentlemen would gladly pay more than that proposed \$10,000 pension to induce Col. Roosevelt to stay retired.

WE have not such an overstock of presidents and major-generals that we can afford to let them take chances with refractory automobiles.

A CELEBRATED oculist says that people seldom see things as they are. Particularly is this true when they look at get rich quick schemes.

LOUISIANA is booming rice as a substitute for meat, without giving stereopticon pictures of China as an "after taking" argument.

A LAWYER in San Francisco was paid \$100 a pound for his brief. We have heard of weighing the evidence, but this is the first case of weighing the fee.

MR. ROOSEVELT will have to decline about 99 per cent of his European invitations, as he wants to get home before the next presidential election.

IT must have been more annoying for the sugar trust to disgorge \$4,000,000 in real money than for the oil trust to be fined \$29,240,000 which it never paid.

A \$25,000,000 drug trust has been formed to fight the cut-rate drug-store trust. While the two are eating each other up the people should be able to get their quinine cheap.

A PULLMAN car porter was brought into a New York police magistrate's court last week, charged with exceeding the speed limit in an automobile. "Whose chauffeur are you?" the magistrate asked. "Nobody's," said the porter, "the car is mine." Of almost as recent occurrence was the trial of a divorce suit brought against a taxicab chauffeur in New York by his wife, who testified that her husband made in the neighborhood of \$100 a week, the most of it from tips. In another case the wife of a porter asking for alimony said her husband came in for gratuities to about that amount every week. This is all very well. There is no objection to the porter having the car, and it is a pleasant thing to contemplate a man and a brother in the act of earning \$100 a week, but it might be just as advantageous to all these little brothers of the rich if they didn't advertise it before the eyes of those who contribute.

WE cannot quite understand the disappearing hat which the New York woman brought back from Europe, though we have carefully studied the printed descriptions. However, the bringing out of a creation of this sort for theater-goers indicates that the possibilities of the milliner's art by no means have been exhausted. For some years the strife was all in the direction of greater ugliness. The final word having been spoken in that line, we now turn our faces toward utility. The disappearing hat is the first suggestion, but doubtless it will be followed by others. A tail hat with windows in the sides would fill a want, particularly if the windows were of magnifying glass, so that the man behind could see the show on the stage as though opera glasses. But this one suggestion merely serves to indicate the promising nature of the field which remains to be exploited.

THE RECORD 50c. per year.

Buzzard Ball Yard

And Some of its Surroundings,

By OTTO A. ROTHERT

CHAPTER I.—IN THE BOTTOM.

CHAPTER II.—ON THE BLUFF.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE BOTTOM.

A year ago I told the readers of THE RECORD about a trip Tom Taylor and I took to some of the Cliffs of Clifty. That chat was confined to Saltpeter Cave, Wild Cat Hollow and other hollows in their immediate vicinity. Recently, a party of us visited Buzzard Ball Yard, which is one of the great bluffs overlooking the same Clifty creek and valley, but located some two miles below Wild Cat Hollow.

Buzzard Ball Yard is in northern Todd county, four miles from the Muhlenberg line and a few miles, in a northerly direction, from the town of Clifty, or Lickskill, as it is sometimes called.

I presume no locality in Todd or Muhlenberg is talked about more and at the same time visited less than this grand cliff. It is a place to which nearly every man and woman in southern Muhlenberg has at one time or other planned to go, but to which few have ever gone.

Only those who have been there realize what wonderful scenery we have at our very doors. The people who have once seen the view from the top of Buzzard Ball Yard always go there again, or at least earnestly desire to do so.

Like nearly all others, who have been to the place, I too, had been destined to plan and talk for years about going before I actually went. At last my chance came.

Our party consisted of Henry Mitchell, better known as "Pennv," Alvin and Gabriel Aiders and myself, all from Taylor's Hill. We drove to Clifty where we were joined by James A. and Horace Groves, who live in that town and who were our hosts and guides. From Clifty we continued our drive to Log Gap, which is one of the few trails in the neighborhood leading from the general level of the country down into the narrow valley of Clifty Creek.

Tying our horses to some trees near the west rim of the canon and not far from the head of this old trail, we descended the rocky path and then proceeded down the cliff-bound valley to Buzzard Ball Yard.

On the west side of the big hollow, the narrow trail or bridle path winds down to the foot of the cliff where the valley is about 200 yards wide. The opposite or east end of the trail was widened years ago and made a wagon way. Many logs have been hauled over that part of Log Gap, but it is now used principally by the farmers who raise crops in the bottom.

The name Log Gap is derived from the fact that about half way up this narrow road, a "fill in" of logs was placed in a hillside gully, in order that this dangerous place could be crossed more easily. People wishing to enter the valley with a wagon and team, may do so at the east end, they must go afoot or horse-back over the narrower part of the trail. This western and narrower part is frequently called the Sam Gap, in honor of Sam McGehee.

The Log Gap was much traveled in olden times, especially by the men on the east side, who had their grinding done in Bivinsville, now the town of Clifty. The west end of this passage is at present almost abandoned and is becoming unsafe.

Some twelve years ago, W. T. Kirkman, better known as Old Squire Tal., was leading his horse up this trail, when, in turning a curve, the animal slipped and fell off a precipice 75 feet high. The Old Squire, so the story is told, slowly walked back down the path for the sole purpose of removing his saddle and bridle and "toting" them home; for he had every reason to believe the nag was a "goner." But when he reached the bottom of the cliff great was his surprise to find his horse "standing on all fours and not a hair missing." Both man and horse quietly resumed their march up the path, as though nothing unusual had happened, and landed safely at the end of the trail as they had done many a time before, and as they have often done since.

In the valley, not far from this narrow trail and near the Old Sam or Gum Spring, is "Booger Rock." It is one of the so-called "rock houses;" that is, a solid rock standing in an isolated position and resembling a house about as much as a brickbat does a quart bottle. "Booger Rock" is a triangular mass some 40 feet high which evidently fell from one of the cliffs ages ago and then rolled to where it now stands, near the creek and about one hundred yards from the bluff. To us it looked as lonely as a country church on a week day. Many people declare that altho this rock seems dead during the day, a peculiar noise can often be heard around it at night. The only signs of "boogers" we saw were a few coon and "possum" tracks. Had we wandered past this haunted place about midnight, while a screech owl was perched on its top, we too, might have something to tell about the "haunts that ha'nt Booger Rock."

A little further down the valley is "Dripping Rock"—another "rock house." It is a somewhat cylindrical mass of sandstone, 60 feet high and about the same width. Its strata are tilted or inclined at an angle of about 45 degrees and its base is pressed against the foot of a high cliff.

While we were walking toward "Dripping Rock" our guides informed us that tradition says, water has been dripping from its sides ever since "Moses smote the rock," and that when they saw it last, a few years ago, it was still doing so. We expected to find water trickling from it like sap from a tapped sugar tree in early spring. But we were disappointed. After listening and looking around the rock for about ten minutes, we were forced to the conclusion that "Dripping Rock" is now as dry as a powder horn. We discovered several small circular holes around its base which were evidently formed some time ago by trickling streams; but we found no fresh marks to indicate any recent dripping. We therefore inferred that this rock had gone dry about the same time Todd county went "dry."

James and Horace told us that further up the hollow were other rocks well known on account of their dripping qualities and were called "Sweating Stones." They had passed some of these only a few days before and noticed that the stones were still sweating big drops of water. These rocks will likely continue to sweat until Doomsday, for it is an old saying that their sweating is symbolic of what men must do on these hills and flats to "make both ends meet."

We continued our walk down the hollow, but halted at many places. Most of the timber below Log Gap has been cut. On many acres where forests once stood we found corn and tobacco fields. The soil in this valley is very fertile, but unfortunately, it is a cliff bound and almost inaccessible narrow strip of land. The average width of the hollow from Log Gap down to Buzzard Ball Yard is a little over 300 yards. We passed an old saw mill site, crossed a temporary bridge built over Clifty Creek, peeped into a cabin, and also found what seemed to be the remains of a fox hunter's camp.

In the meantime, we saw not only high cliffs to the right and high cliffs to the left, but, since the valley is a winding one, we saw high cliffs all around us. Each seemed grander than the other, until, at last we beheld the famous Buzzard Ball Yard—the grandest of them all.

This Gibraltar is indeed an inspiring sight. Our first view of it was from near the banks of Clifty Creek. Buzzard Ball Yard is El Capitan of this valley—the Yosemite of western Kentucky. It stands out boldly and majestically from one of the chains of bluffs that help form the deep, rock-walled valley. The exposed base of the precipice is not on a level with the creek, but rests on a pedestal or hill some 100 feet in height which slants gradually toward the stream.

As seen from below, the bluff of Buzzard Ball Yard looks like the side of a gigantic cylinder fringed with vegetation. Its naked projecting surface of solid sandstone has the appearance of being framed by the timber growing at its base and the plants clinging to the bluffs on either side. The whole mass of bare rock is seemingly crowned by

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the trees in the background, standing on a higher hill that slopes down to the top of the rock.

After we had taken our first look at the famous bluff an expression of agreeable surprise was heard from each of us, for, altho the view was grand, it was not sufficiently majestic to "knock a man speechless."

Gabe remarked: "Well, I'll declare! It's sure as pretty as a picture. Wouldn't it show up fine on a postal card?"

Henry said: "Gee whiz! And only ten miles from A. L.'s. Who'd a thought it? But, for some reason or other, it don't look just exactly like I allowed it would."

Alvin commented that "the hills along Hurricane in Perry, over in Indiana, can't hold a candle to this, for this sight has got everything I ever saw skinned a block."

I chimed in by adding: "It's a far grander sight than I expected to see. But, compared to Wild Cat Hollow, I must confess, I think the Wild Cat gorge beats it when it comes to wild and rugged scenery."

Jim and Horace told us they had often gazed at this bluff, and, altho it never changed, it nevertheless seemed more beautiful to them every time they saw it.

"How on earth will we ever climb that towering mass of millstone grit?" was the question we now asked. To four of us it seemed an impossible feat. When our guides informed us that they would "carry" us to the top, we threw ourselves "on their hands." And, behold, we were "carried" to the top, each on his own "climbers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A New Newspaper

A New Newspaper, the

"MUHLENBERG SENTINEL"

Edited and published by R. O. Pace at Greenville, will make its appearance

APRIL 1, 1910

SOME OF ITS FEATURES

All home print; all the home news

Republican in politics, but fair to everybody

Devoted to the county's social, moral, educational, industrial and political welfare

Pertinent editorial comment on matters of public interest

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